To ſhow me worthy of their ſweet reſpect,
‹ Then may I dare to boaſt how I doe loue thee,
‹ Til then, not ſhow my head where thou maiſt proue me.

27

WEary with toyle, I haſt me to my bed,
The deare repoſe for lims with trauaill tired,
But then begins a iourny in my head
To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darknes which the blind doe ſee.
Saue that my ſoules imaginary ſight
Preſents their ſhaddoe to my ſightles view,
Which like a iewell (hunge in gaſtly night)
Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.
‹ Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
‹ For thee, and for my ſelfe, noe quiet finde.

28

HOw can I then returne in happy plight
That am debard the benifit of reſt?
‹ When daies oppreſſion is not eazd by night,
‹ But day by night and night by day oprelt.
And each (though enimes to ethers raigne)
Doe in conſent ſhake hands to torture me,
The one by toyle, the other to complaine
How far I toyle, ſtill farther off from thee.
I tell the Day to pleaſe him thou art bright,
And doo'ſt him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen:
So flatter I the ſwart complexiond night,
When ſparkling ſtars twire not thou guil'ſt th' eauen.
‹ But day doth daily draw my ſorrowes longer, (ſtronger
‹ And night doth nightly make greefes length ſeeme

29

WHen in diſgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-caſt ſtate,

And

And trouble deafe heauen with m
And looke vpon my ſelfe and cur
‹ Wiſhing me like to one more rich
‹ Featur'd like him, like him with fr
‹ Deſiring this mans art, and that n
‹ With what I moſt inioy content
‹ Yet in theſe thoughts my ſelfe al
Haplye I thinke on thee, and the
(Like to the Larke at breake of
From ſullen earth ſings himns at
‹ For thy ſweet loue remembre
‹ That then I skorne to change

30

WHen to the Seſſions of ſw
I ſommon vp remembran
I ſigh the lacke of many a thing
And with old woes new waile m
Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vt
For precious friends hid in deat
And weepe a freſh loues long ſi
And mone th'expence of many
Then can I greeue at greeuance
And heauily from woe to woe t
The ſad account of fore-bemon
Which I new pay as if not payd
‹ But if the while I thinke on t
‹ All loſſes are reſtord, and forr

31

THy boſome is indeared wit
Which I by lacking haue l
And there raignes Loue and all
And all thoſe friends which I th
How many a holy and obſequi
Hath deare religious loue ſtoln
As intereſt of the dead, which n
But things remou'd that hidden